A POWER COMIC

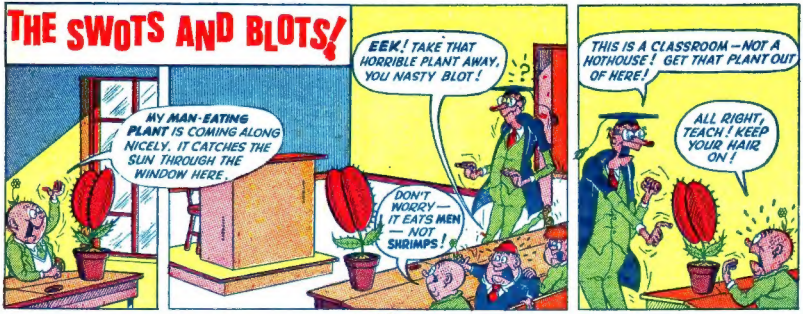
THE COMIC WITH SPIDERMAN AND SUPERMAN!

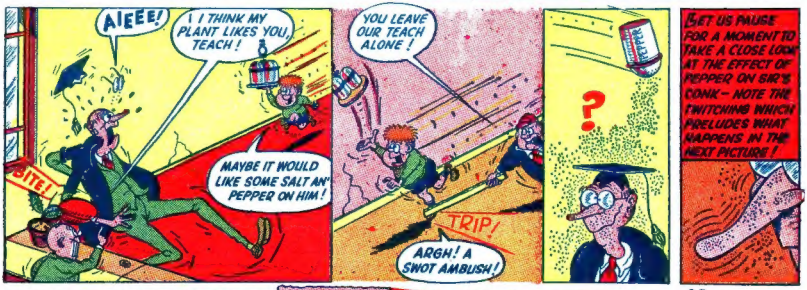
SMASH! AND POW!

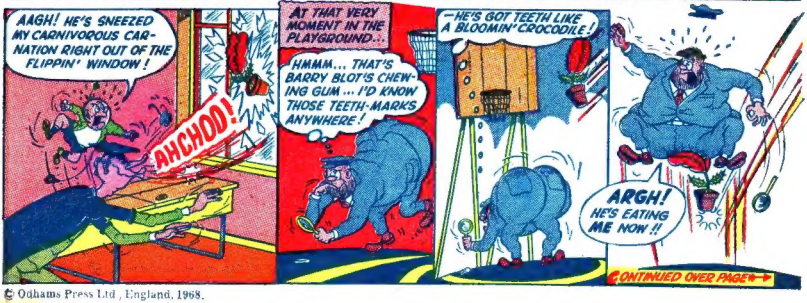
No. 138
21st SEPT. 1968
EVERY MONDAY 7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS!







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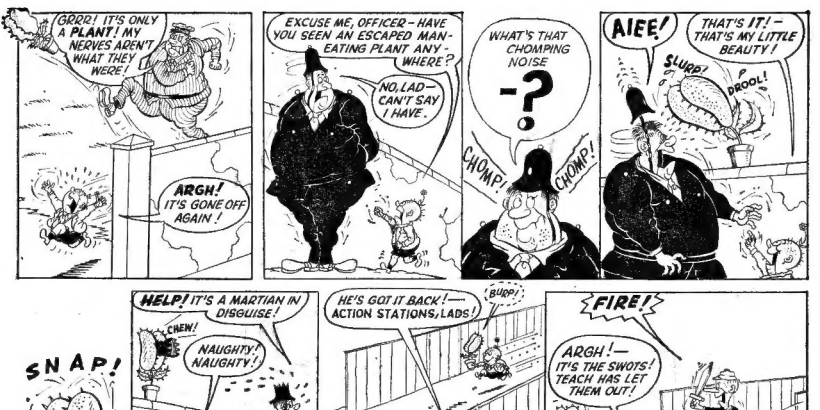

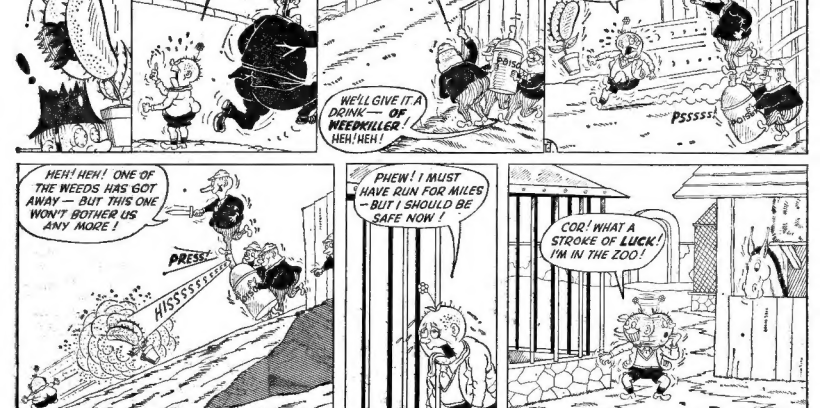

SMASH! printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Brankesome, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland, 12 months 48/-; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 56/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. & Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 89 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY IS THE POSSESSOR OF AN AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN. BRIAN AND HIS FRIEND, DUFFY ROLLS, HAVE ENTERED THE HOUSE OF JULIUS PILT ON THE LONELY MOORS CLOSE TO DREDNOR LAKE BECAUSE THEY SUSPECT THAT PILT HAS CONTROL OVER A STRANGE CREATURE THAT DWELLS IN THE LAKE. SUDDENLY...

I-IT'S THE MONSTER! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, BRIAN?

MAYBE THE BRAIN CAN HELP US!

THE AMAZING BRAIN GLOWS WITH FAINT LIGHT AS IT COMMUNICATES WITH BRIAN.

OTHER THAN YOUR TWO SELVES, THERE IS NO LIVING THING IN THIS ROOM!

THEN THAT... THAT THING IS NOT ALIVE?

CAREFUL, BRIAN!

THE BRAIN IS RIGHT. THIS ISN'T A REAL CREATURE AT ALL. SOMEBODY HAS MADE IT. BUT WHY?

DO YOU THINK IT COULD BE A MODEL OF THE MONSTER OF THE LAKE?

WONDERINGLY THE BOYS EXAMINE THE STRANGE CHAMBER.

IT'S LIKE A MUSEUM IN HERE. LISTEN TO THIS: "FOSSILISED CREATURE FOUND ON SCARSDALE MOOR OCTOBER, 1967."

AND THIS READS:- PREHISTORIC MAMMAL OF UNKNOWN SPECIES. EXCAVATED FROM SCARSDALE MOOR JANUARY, 1968.

OUTSIDE THE OLD HOUSE, SUE MERROW'S NERVOUSNESS TURNS TO PANIC.

IT'S JULIUS PILT! HE'S RETURNING TO HIS HOUSE! AND BRIAN AND DUFFY ARE STILL INSIDE!

JULIUS PILT, THE MAN WHO FOR SOME SECRET REASON IS ANXIOUS TO DRIVE EVERYONE FROM THE MOORS, IS IN A THOUGHTFUL MOOD.

I DON'T THINK I SHALL BE TROUBLED AGAIN BY THOSE TWO BOYS! BUT I WISH I KNEW MORE ABOUT THAT STRANGE TOY THEY HAD. IT SEEMED ALMOST LIKE A HUMAN BRAIN.

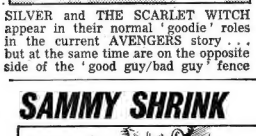
NOT UNTIL THE ROOM DOOR OPENS DO BRIAN AND DUFFY REALISE THAT JULIUS PILT HAS RETURNED.
YOU TWO AGAIN! YOU DARE TO INVADE MY HOUSE!
BRIAN DODGES PILT'S ANGRY RUSH AND PUSHES HARD AGAINST THE TOWERING SKELETON.
I'LL GIVE...
AAAH!
RUN, DUFFY!
HEARTS THUMPING WILDLY, THE TWO BOYS RUSH FROM THE HOUSE.
WHEW! I THOUGHT WE'D HAD IT THEM, BRIAN! GOOD JOB YOU PUSHED ALL THOSE OLD BONES ON TOP OF HIM!
KEEP RUNNING, DUFFY. HERE COMES SUE!
BUT AS THE BOYS REJOIN SUE MERROW, BRIAN SUDDENLY REMEMBERS SOMETHING.
I SAW JULIUS PILT - BUT I COULDN'T WARN YOU!
THE BRAIN! I'VE LEFT THE BRAIN INSIDE THAT HOUSE!
CRUMBS! BUT YOU DAREN'T GO BACK FOR IT NOW!
RELUCTANTLY BRIAN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE LED AWAY.
IT'S GETTING DUSK - AND STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN ON THESE MOORS AT NIGHT!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BRAIN?
WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT WHERE IT IS UNTIL WE THINK OF SOMETHING!
AS THE BOYS TELL SUE OF THE WIERD THINGS THEY SAW, INSIDE THE HOUSE JULIUS PILT IS EXAMINING THE BRAIN.
IN THEIR HASTE TO LEAVE THOSE BOYS LEFT THIS BEHIND. I SHALL PROBE ITS SECRETS AT MY LEISURE.
BUT NOW I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO.
PILT OPENS A WINDOW AND LEANS OUT, AND A POWERFUL, SHRIEKING CRY ISSUES FROM HIS THROAT.
AAAIEEEE!
THE EERIE SOUND RINGS OUT OVER THE MOORS AND ROATS ACROSS THE WATERS OF LAKE DREDNOR...
AAAIEEEEE!
...AND IT SEEMS THAT PART OF THE LAKE'S SURFACE DARKENS, AS THOUGH SOME GREAT CREATURE IS RISING UP FROM THE DEPTHS.
THAT NIGHT SUE MERROW IS AWAKENED FROM HER SLEEP IN HER BEDROOM OF THE LONELY MOORLANDS FARM HOUSE IN WHICH SHE LIVES.
TH-THAT NOISE... COMING FROM OUTSIDE THE HOUSE! WHAT IS IT?
SHUUF! SHUUF!
WITH A MIGHTY CRACK THE WINDOW IS KNOCKED INWARD WITH A FORCE THAT THREATENS TO TEAR IT FROM ITS HINGES.
AND FRAMED IN THE OPEN WINDOW THE SHAKING GIRL SEES A NIGHTMARE FACE!
AAH! IT'S LIKE THE THING BRIAN AND DUFFY TOLD ME ABOUT. THE THING IN PROFESSOR PILT'S HOUSE! BUT THIS IS ALIVE!
NEXT WEEK - THE MONSTER STRIKES!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK? . . . of the new SMASH & POW, that is! Frankly, with a super-hero line-up like SPIDERMAN, DAREDEVIL, BATMAN and ROBIN . . . plus SUPERMAN and the incredible AQUAMAN (and that's apart from the second-to-none humour sets and those dishy POW-styled short stories) . . . we can only think of one word to say about this two-for-the-price-of-one, best-of-both comic . . . and that is GGRRRRREEAAATTTT! Honestly now, isn't it the ever-lovin' TRUTH?!

AND SPEAKING OF FANTASTIC THINGS . . . something seemingly odd occurs in this week's issue. Like how come? Meaning the fact that QUICK-



SILVER and THE SCARLET WITCH appear in their normal 'goodie' roles in the current AVENGERS story . . . but at the same time are on the opposite side of the 'good guy/bad guy' fence in the current X-MEN tale . . . and as we said, **in the same issue of FANTASTIC!**

But relax, faithful Powerhousers! We, your editorializers, are not questing into **the fourth dimension.** It is not our intention to **confuse,** only to **amuse** you. The reason is simple. Merely that in following our policy of presenting the best produce from our American cousins in the Marvel menage, we **do** sometimes get caught up on this **time** business. Meaning that in a future Avengers story that favourite villain of so many, Magneto, tricks QUICKSILVER and SCARLET WITCH away from the Avengers and **forces** them to stray from the straight and narrow. Naturally our Marvel cousins featured **this same occurence in their** current X-MEN tale. But us over here . . . well, we haven't got as far in reprinting of Avengers tales as we have with the X-MEN tales. So this current X-MEN tale in this week's FANTASTIC shows the effects of something that we haven't yet published in our AVENGER pages . . . and so . . . but why go on? We're sure **you've** lost your way . . . just as WE have!

Let's just say we've taken you on another trip in the good old Powerhouse TIME-MACHINE. Leave it at that . . . and climb aboard . . . it's **more fun** that way!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

D. Lakeman, London, E.10; Paul Abage, Liverpool 14, Lancs.; John Bernacki, Seven Hills, N.S.W., Australia; Paul Wallington, Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire; Krzysztof Zychowicz, Birmingham 17, Warks; Glenn Grigor, Truro, Cornwall; P. Hudson, Ash, Surrey; Tracy Kimber, Marlborough, Wilts.; Allan Martin, Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland; Stephen Nessling, Wallington, Surrey; Patrick Nolan, Delgany, Co. Wicklow, Eire; Alan Cooper, Woolston, Southampton, Hants.; James Cox, Edinburgh 11, Scotland; Peter Ford, Barlanark, Glasgow, E.3; Samuel McEwan, St. Leonards, East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, Scotland; Martin Lindsay, Whyall Stuart, South Australia; Alan Keating, Pensby, Wirral, Cheshire; Anthony Doran, Glasgow, S.W.3, Scotland; Martin Frost, Carshalton, Surrey; Stephen Welch, Handsworth, Birmingham 21, Warks.

SAMMY SHRINK

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1968

AHEM! WHAT YOU'RE DOING THERE IS WRONG!

P.C. PLATT IS BIG AND FAT HIS BUNIONS WEIGH A TON, HE'S GOT A NOSE AND TEN BIG TOES WITH A CORN ON EVERY ONE

WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT — IT RHYMES, DOESN'T IT?

EEK! A COP!

I'LL BASH HER BONCE, I'LL THICKEN HER EARS, IT'S SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO FOR YEARS!

EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A POET!

GROOGH!

SQUELCH!

HOP!

A MUSHFUL OF MELON WILL SHUT HIM OFF!

GRRR! THE LITTLE MONSTER'S GONE INTO HIDING!

POTATOES

I HOPE HE DOESN'T LOOK IN HERE OR I'VE HAD MY CHIPS!

EEK! THESE SPUDS ARE FULL OF WRIGGLIES — AN' ONE OF EM'S WRIGGLIN' IN MY EAR!

POTATOES

AHA! — I KNOW THAT VOICE!

BASH!

WAAH! GET OUT!

SHOOSH!

Help!

COS IS A CLOT, BART IS WET — GUESS WHAT PENNY IS GOIN' TO GET!

ER — I BET IT'S AN M.B.E. — A MIGHTY BELT ON THE EAR! GULP!

HEY! COME OUT, YOU COWARD — HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELT YOUR EAR WHEN IT ISN'T THERE?

HEH! HEH! HEH!

JUST LIKE SANTA'S LUCKY DIP!

MORE LIKE AN UNLUCKY DIP, DON'T YOU THINK?!

CRUNCH!

NEE! ME FINGER! OOOH! — SUCK! OOH!

HEH! HEH! JUST LIKE EATIN' RAW SAUSAGES!

CRIKEY! MUST BE A MEMBER OF THE FLYING SQUAD!

YEAH! — AN' HE'S LANDED RIGHT IN OUR QUICK-SETTING CEMENT!

GRRR! RUIN OUR LOVELY NEW ROAD, WOULD YOU?

BYONG!

GOOR! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT — LET ME GET AT HER!

THWACK!

HOP! HOP! HOP!

P.C. PLATT IS BIG AND FAT, HE EVEN CRACKS HIS BEAT — FOR HE'S THE ONLY COP I KNOW WITH CONCRETE CORNS UPON HIS FEET!

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

"THE THRILL OF THE HUNT!"

KRAVEN THE HUNTER HAS RETURNED, SMARTING FROM HIS LAST DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF SPIDER-MAN. AS HE PLANS THE TRAP HE WILL LAY, PETER PARKER IS ENJOYING SOME HOME LIFE WITH AUNT MAY, NOW RECOVERED FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS.

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE! SPIDER-MAN IS ASSAULTING JONAH JAMESON!

TOO MANY PEOPLE! CAN'T AFFORD TO REMAIN! BUT I'LL BE BACK, JAMESON... YOU'LL SEE!

WAH! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE YELLOW! I SCARED YOU AWAY! DID YOU ALL SEE THAT? SPIDER-MAN RAN FROM ME!

BUT, MOMENTS LATER, ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP, WE SEE...

IT WORKED! I FOOLED THEM ALL! ONLY SPIDER-MAN WILL KNOW I WAS AN IMPOSTOR... AND THEN HE HIMSELF IS SURE TO COME AFTER ME... FALLING INTO MY TRAP!

BUT, WHAT OF THE REAL SPIDER-MAN? HERE HE IS... THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING HERO, CONTENTEDLY MUNCHING A CRUNCHY APPLE AS HE AND HIS AUNT CATCH UP ON THE DAY'S NEWS...

DID YOU REMEMBER TO WASH THAT APPLE BEFORE EATING IT, PETER, DEAR?

SURE, AUNT MAY! YOU KNOW I'M NOT THE TYPE TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY!

AND NOW, NEWS OF SOME LOCAL EVENTS...

IT HAS JUST BEEN LEARNED THAT J. JONAH JAMESON, PROMINENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER AND MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, WAS ATTACKED BY SPIDER-MAN AS THE COURAGEOUS PUBLISHER LEFT THE DAILY BUGLE OFFICE BUILDING...

YEEEULLP!

PETER! WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR?

N-NOTHING, AUNT MAY! I MUST HAVE BIT MY TONGUE!

JUST WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMED NICE AND PEACEFUL... NOW THIS!

I KNOW I DIDN'T SEE JAMESON TONIGHT... AND THAT MEANS JUST ONE THING...

SOMEONE IS IMPERSONATING ME! --BUT, WHY??

TSK! ALL THIS AWFUL CRIME NEWS!

I'M ITCHING TO RUN OUT AND FIND THE BOGUS SPIDEY --BUT I HATE TO LEAVE AUNT MAY ALONE SO SOON AFTER HER ILLNESS!

THEY SHOULDN'T BROADCAST SUCH DREADFUL THINGS! I HOPE IT DOESN'T UPSET YOU, PETER!

I'LL WAIT A WHILE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS! IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOME CRANK! THE POLICE MAY HAVE ROUNDED HIM UP ALREADY!

NO, AUNT MAY! I DON'T BELIEVE FALL OF IT, ANYWAY!

BUT, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE DARING IMPERSONATION CONTINUES...

JAMESON... YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D FORGET YOU?

YOU, AGAIN!

YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME NOW! I'LL BIDE MY TIME... KEEP YOU GUESSING...!

WHEREVER YOU GO... WHATEVER YOU DO... I'LL BE FOLLOWING... WATCHING... WAITING...!

LET HIM HANG AROUND! BY WRITING ABOUT HIS HARRASSMENT, I'M SELLING MORE PAPERS THAN EVER BEFORE!

Daily Bugle

SPIDER-MAN THREATENS PUBLISHER OF BUGLE

FINALLY, SPIDER-MAN BECOMES THE NUMBER ONE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION THROUGHOUT THE SPRAWLING CITY...

IMAGINE! HOUNDING A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN LIKE MR. JAMESON THAT WAY! IT'S A DISGRACE!

SOMEONE SHOULD PUT THAT MASKED WALL-CRAWLER OUT OF CIRCULATION ONCE AND FOR ALL!

IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL PROBABLY BE MOBBED IF I EVER DARE APPEAR IN PUBLIC AS SPIDEY AGAIN!

IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S TIME THE POLICE STEPPED IN!

YOU SAID IT!

UNTIL, AT LAST, PETER PARKER IS FORCED TO MAKE A GRIM DECISION...

I CAN'T LET WHATEVER REPUTATION I HAVE LEFT BE TORN TO SHREDS SO EASILY! I JUST CAN'T!

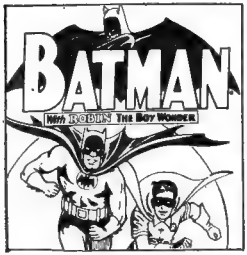
I'VE GOT TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS! I'VE GOT TO LEARN WHO THE IMPOSTOR IS... AND STOP HIM!

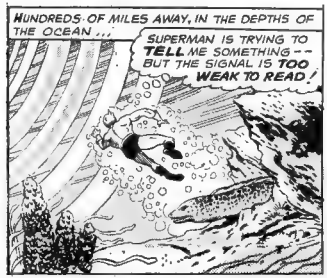
THE DECISION MADE, ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO FORMULATE A PLAN OF ACTION...
SPIDEY IS STILL GETTING STAR RULING ON ALL THE NEWS PROGRAMMES, AND NONE OF THE REPORTS ARE FLATTERING!
BUT, HOW DO I GO WALTZING OUT TONIGHT WITH-OUT WORRYING AUNT MAY ??
RINNING!
MRS. WATSON! FOR ONCE I'M GETTING LUCKY!
I JUST FEEL LIKE HAVING A GOOD, OLD FASHIONED CHAT, MAY, DEAR!
SO DO I, ANNA! I'VE GOT THE TASTIEST COOKIES... AND TEA WILL BE READY IN NO TIME!
SINCE YOU'RE PLANNING A CHIN-FEST, I THINK I'LL GO TO A MOVIE, AUNT MAY!
ALL RIGHT, DEAR! HAVE A GOOD TIME... BUT DON'T SEE ONE OF THOSE AWFUL SCARY FILMS! IT MIGHT GIVE YOU NIGHT-MARES!
THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS TELL MARY JANE!
--WHEW! THANK GOODNESS FOR MRS. WATSON!
AND, NOW, IT'S TIME FOR THE REAL SPIDER-MAN TO GO INTO ACTION!
SINCE THE PHONY FINK WHO'S BEEN IMPERSONATING ME SEEMS TO HANG AROUND JOLLY JONAH, THEN MY FIRST STOP IS THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING!
HERE IT IS! NOW TO... HEY!!
IT'S JUST THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR! HE'S DELIBERATELY ATTRACT-ING MY ATTENTION! NICE OF HIM TO MAKE IT EASY FOR ME!
HE MUST BE NUTS! NOW THAT HE MADE ME SPOT HIM, HE'S RUNNING AWAY FROM ME! OR, IS THERE MORE TO IT THAN THAT?
HE MIGHT BE TRYING TO LEAD ME SOMEWHERE!
IF THIS IS HIS DESTINATION, HE'S GOT CRUMMY TASTE!
AND, SPEAKING OF EMPTY BUILDINGS, WHERE DID HE DISAPPEAR TO?
THIS WHOLE BLOCK HAS BEEN CONDEMNED! THE EMPTY BUILDINGS ARE JUST WAITING TO BE TORN DOWN!
THEN, ON THE STREET DIRECTLY BELOW...
LOOK! IT'S SPIDER-MAN! GO INSIDE AND GET THE BOYS! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF 'IM, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
YEAH! I BEEN ITCHIN' TO GET MY MITTS ON THAT PUNK!
WHILE, ON THE ROOF, HIGH ABOVE ALL SUCH SORDID GOINGS ON...
AND NOW, SPIDER-MAN, THE MASQUERADE IS OVER!
KRAVEN...THE HUNTER!
THEN IT WAS YOU...IF YOU WERE IMPERSONATING ME!
SURELY YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D BE CONTENT TO REMAIN DEFEATED AFTER OUR LAST ENCOUNTER! IT IS TIME FOR ANOTHER HUNT...AND THIS TIME, THE VICTORY SHALL BE MINE!
MISTER, YOU'RE JUST A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! FIRST, I'LL SPRAY SOME JUNGLE SCENT ON YOU...TO CANCEL OUT YOUR ACCURSED SPIDER SENSE!
AND NOW, MY VICTIM-TO-BE, YOUR POWER IS BARELY THE EQUAL OF MINE!
PTU!! THAT'LL BE THE DAY...WHEN I CAN'T BEAT YOU!
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE THAT BOAST! IF YOU CAN HUNT...AND DEFEAT ME..I'LL CONFESS THAT IT WAS I WHO IMPERSONATED YOU! BUT, IF NOT....
SKIP THE REST, KRAVEN! THERE'S NOT GONNA BE ANY "IF NOTS"..!
WHA-?? I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED! HE RIGGED UP A BOOBY TRAP HERE FOR ME!
BUT, ANY TIME YE OLDE FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD SPIDER-MAN CAN'T OUT-LEAP A PILE OF TUMBLING BRICKS, THAT'LL BE THE DAY!
HE'S GONE! WELL, I GUESS IT FIGURES....
IF I WANT HIM, I'LL HAVE TO PLAY IT HIS WAY! I'LL HAVE TO HUNT HIM DOWN!
I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL! HE'S HAD ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO SET EVERY KIND OF UNEXPECTED TRAP FOR ME!
AND, HE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER PLACE TO SET THEM!
AND NOW...IT BEGINS! I'VE GIVEN HIM ENOUGH TIME TO REALIZE WHAT HE'S UP AGAINST! SO WHILE HE HUNTS ME, KRAVEN THE GREATEST HUNTER OF ALL... SHALL BE HUNTING HIM!
BUT, NEITHER THE HUNTER NOR THE HUNTED IS YET AWARE THAT A THIRD FORCE HAS ENTERED THE DEADLY GAME...
HE'S GOTTA BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!
NO MATTER HOW MUCH OF A HOT-SHOT HE IS, HE CAN'T HANDLE ALL OF US!
SPREAD OUT! WHEN YOU SEE HIM...HOLLER!
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE! IF NOT FOR THE OL' SPIDER SPEED, I'D BE A TRAPPED LITTLE WEB-SPINNER!
BUT, THERE ISN'T A TRAP MADE THAT CAN STOP ME FROM DOING WHAT I HAVE TO DO!
AT LEAST, I'M HOPING THERE ISN'T!
HEY! I HEARD SOMETHING IN THE ROOM AHEAD! IT MUST BE HIM!
THAT SUITS ME FINE! I'M GONNA PROVE THAT HE'S NOTHIN' BUT A PHONY! I'LL MOP UP THE PLACE WITH 'IM!

UH OH! SOUNDS LIKE VISITORS!
TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS! BUT... HOW COME ?! DID KRAVEN BRING A FRIEND?
YOU MUSTA BEEN HEARIN' THINGS! THERE'S NO SASH OF 'IM HERE!
HMM! JUST A COUPLE OF PLUG-UGLIES!
SORRY, GENTS .. THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY!
IT'S HIM!
TSK TSK! YOU MEAN IT IS ME!
NOTHING INFURIATES ME AS MUCH AS BAD GRAMMAR! --OR DIDN'T YOU KNOW?
SORRY TO RUSH OFF THIS WAY, BUT THERE'S A FELLA TRYING TO END MY LITTLE CAREER, IF I GIVE HIM HALF A CHANCE!
HOLY SMOKE! IT LOOKS LIKE 'OLD HOODLUMS' WEEK' AROUND HERE!
WELL, I'LL HAVE TO PUT THEM ON ICE FAST, BEFORE KRAVEN LOWERS THE BOOM ON ME!
HOLD STILL, GROUP! THIS'LL ONLY HURT A MINUTE!
NEXT TIME YOU WANNA DO SOME SPIDER-STALKING, PHONE FOR AN APPOINTMENT!
AND THAT'S THAT! I SURE HOPE THEY WERE THE LAST OF THEM!
WAIT! MY SPIDER SENSE ... IT'S STARTING TO TINGLE!
KRAVEN'S JUNGLE SCENT DULLED IT! IT SHOULD HAVE WARNED ME SOONER!
THERE'S DANGER INSIDE...!
MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME! I STOPPED MYSELF WITH MY HANDS ... NOW, IF I CAN JUST DO A BACK-FLIP OUT...!
BUT, BEFORE THE AMAZING ADVENTURER CAN MAKE A MOVE ...
TOO LATE, SPIDER-MAN! THE HUNT IS ENDED! I'VE GOT YOU
DON'T BET ON IT, KRAVEN!
NEXT ISH— A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

WILL SUPERMAN CONTACT AQUAMAN IN TIME TO SAVE BATMAN FROM DESTRUCTION WHEN HIS ISLAND PRISON BLOWS UP?





...AND NOW I SEEM TO HAVE COMPANY!--SHARKS!
GOT TO KEEP TRYING... TO REACH AQUAMAN... HAVE HIM RESCUE BATMAN...
IT SEEMS HOPELESS, SUPERMAN!
BUT IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS--
IT'S COMING THROUGH CLEARLY NOW!--" BATMAN BELIEVED STRANDED ON UNCHARTED ISLAND 30 DEGREES NORTHWEST OF GOTHAM CITY--"
IF THAT'S WHERE HE IS, HE'S DOOMED!
THE FANTASTIC KING OF THE SEA STREAKS TOWARD BATMAN'S PRISON-ISLAND AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!
BATMAN'S IN THE AREA WHERE I DETECTED A SEVERE SUB-OCEANIC DISTURBANCE--
--PERHAPS A VOLCANO ABOUT TO ERUPT!
--SO EVEN IF I REACH HIM, IT MAY ONLY MEAN THAT WE BOTH DIE!!
MEANWHILE, BATMAN SWIMS DESPERATELY OUT TO SEA!
HUNDREDS OF MILES TO THE MAINLAND... SHARKS ALL AROUND ME...IT'S HOPELESS!
BUT SUDDENLY--!
BATMAN, I PRESUME?
AQUAMAN!
AND MOMENTS LATER, THE ISLAND DISAPPEARS IN A SHATTERING ATOMIC BLAST!
BATINUED—NEXT ISH!

The NERVS
NOTHING LIKE A SUNSHINE BREAKFAST FOR GIVING YOUR TUM A TAN!
CRUNCH CRUNCH!
INSIDE FATTY'S TUM...
FOOD TUBE
HUH! WE NEVER GET A TAN DOWN IN THIS DUMP!
YEAH! NO SUNSHINE EVER GETS INTO THIS HOLE. EVEN ERNIE EAR NERV GETS A BIT OF SUN DRIFTING INTO FATTY'S EARHOLE— BUT NOT US!
GLOOCH!
SOLOR CRACKLE CRUNCH
IF THE FAT TWERP WOULD TAKE OFF HIS SHIRT, WE COULD UNSTITCH HIS BELLY BUTTON AND LET SOME SUN IN THAT WAY!
IDEA
PING
I THINK MAYBE I COULD MAKE FATTY TAKE HIS SHIRT OFF
STOMACH DEPT.— HIC! HIC! HIC! GURGLE
BUR-R-R-RP!
Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh!
IF OL' FATTY GETS TOO HOT HE'S BOUND TO TAKE IT OFF...
PLOP
PLOP
PLOP
PLOP
THE NERV IN HERE STOKES THE BOILERS TO KEEP FATSO'S BLOOD A STEADY 98·4...
HISS-S-S
BOILER ROOM
TRESPASSERS WILL BE BOILED
... HERE'S WHERE I PUT A STOP TO ALL THAT!— SNIGGER!
SWISH
HOP IT, YOU TUM TWIT!
KICK!
—NO TRESPASSERS ALLOWED!— CAN'T YOU READ?
WHEEE!
KER-BONK!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
ARGH!— HE'S KNOCKED ME OUT COALED!
THAT TWERP IN THERE MUST HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!
THROB!
WONDER IF HIS NOSE IS AS KEEN? I'LL TEST IT OUT WITH A STINK-BOMB!
POOH!
CRACK
Heh-heh-HEH!
BOMBS AWA-AAY!
POP
Heh-heh-heh-HEE!
TOSS
PHOO
BLAST!
TUG
TEE-HEE! THAT'S BLOWN IT BACK!
SIGH!— THAT TUM TWERP NEVER GIVES UP, DOES HE?
WHIZZ!
OH NO!

GASP! HE SENT IT RIGHT BACK! CHOKE!
GASP CHOKE
WHEEEEE
CHUNK
TINKLE
PUTRID PONG
BATER, AT THE LOCAL GARAGE ...
GASTRIC GARAGE
NO SMOKING
OI! THAT AIR-LINE'S FOR CARS, NOT CAKEHOLES, MATE!
GULP
AIR
SUFFERIN' SODA-POPS! THE TWERP'S OVERDONE IT! HE'S BLOWN HIMSELF UP LIKE A BALLOON!
FLAP
FLAP
AIR
BANG
DRIFT
BACK AT THE BOILER ROOM...
LOOK, HE'S BACK, DAD!
GRRR! THAT DOES IT! I'LL FINISH HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!
FURNACE
THIS'LL KNOCK THE WIND OUT OF HIM!
THUD
WHIZZ
OOW! IT'S BACKFIRED ON ME!
ZING
BOZZ
CLATTER OF FLYING FANS
HEH! HEH! NOW I CAN DO WHAT I CAME FOR — HOT THINGS UP FOR FATTY!
PUSH
MAIN ARTERY
LOW-HIGH PRESSURE VALVE
VEIN No 2
BLOOD VESSEL
SECONDS LATER...
COO! I'M BOILING! — LET'S GET THIS SHIRT OFF! GASP!!
TUG
SIGH!
WAFT
WHEW!
THAT'S BETTER!!
HEY! THAT'S ENOUGH! YOUR FIVE MINUTES ARE UP!
AND SO...
AW! GIVE HIM AN EXTRA FIVE MINUTES, FELLERS!
AH! 'BLISS'
SIZZLE
YEAH! — BUT FOR HIM WE WOULDN'T BE GETTING ANY SUN AT ALL!
HUH! BY THE TIME I GET INTO THE SUN-SPOT, IT'LL BE POURIN' WITH RAIN!
SUN TAN
BUSTER LOTION
GASTRIC JUICE PUMP No 32

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

WHIRLPOOL WONDER

SINK a saucer in a bowl of water and get your mates to gather round. Now challenge them to make the saucer rise and float on the surface without touching either the saucer or the bowl.

Impossible? No! With the end of a soft cloth—the dishcloth will do—whip the water above the saucer into a whirlpool. This will lift it to the surface, and at the same time it will spin out all the water to leave the saucer floating before their very eyes! You'll need a little practice before you can make it work every time.

Are you good at sums? Okay, then . . . write down eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven, putting the comma in its proper place.

Don't look at the answer below till you've tried it first . . . perlease!

11,111. You couldn't be wrong! The correct way to write it is 11,111. Get it?

CHALLENGE!

Try and sort out all the animals contained in this bunch of flowers. And if you think it's too easy... Okay... just check out your answer with next week's solution.

Perfect Oval

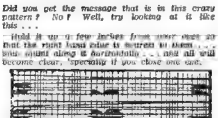
If you ever need to draw a perfect oval, let Knowall give you the knowhow. . . Put two pins near the longer ends of your intended oval, then tie a loose loop of string around them. The string must be just long enough to reach the shorter extreme end of the shape—just as my drawing shows.

Now you simply place a pencil inside the loop and draw round — keeping the string taut all the time.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CHALLENGE

Did you get the message that is in this crazy pattern? No? Well, try looking at it like this . . .

hold it up a few inches from your eyes so that the right hand edge is turned to them . . . now squint along it horizontally . . . and all will become clear. Upending it you chase one cat.

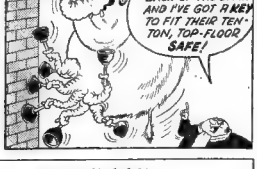


£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make in old. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

IT'S... GRIMLY FEENDISH ...THE UNSAFE CRACKSMAN!



SUBBUTEO
The action-packed table cricket game

A NEW TABLE GAME — where the Cricket Enthusiast can produce, at will, all the finesse of the great Summer game. Play your own TEST MATCHES! COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS! GILLETTE and CHARRINGTON CUP MATCHES! With all the skill of real cricket—bowling, double wickets and all the OUTS, such as clean bowled, stumped, caught, L.B.W., run out, etc. Spin, leg and off breaks. Hits for six, four and odd runs

DISPLAY EDITION COMPLETE with 00 Scale Miniature Painted Cricketers, stumps, bails etc 24/11

CLUB EDITION COMPLETE with 00 Scale Miniature Painted Cricketers, stumps, ball etc. together with Green Baize Cricket pitch 49/11

TEST MATCH EDITION COMPLETE with 00 Scale Miniature Painted Cricketers, stumps, ball etc with Green Baize Cricket pitch, Sightscreens, Groundsman & Roller, Spectators, Deck Chairs & Scoreboard. 69/11

Ask at your local Sports or Toy Shop or Departmental Store. In case of difficulty, write for List of Stockists, to -

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plus 110 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS 1/-

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SEND 1/- TODAY. ASK FOR LOT N16.

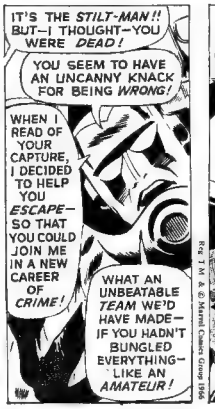
BROADWAY APPROVALS

50 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

"STILT-MAN STRIKES AGAIN" FEATURING DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

THE *LEAP-FROG* IS ON TRIAL. MATT, IN DISGUISE AS HIS MYTHICAL HALF-BROTHER MIKE, IS IN COURT WHEN THE VILLAIN MAKES AN ESCAPE-BID, HAVING TRICKED THE COURT INTO LETTING HIM PUT ON HIS SPRING-SOLED SHOES---



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

GANGWAY, GUYS! YOU'RE BLOCKIN' TRAFFIC!
HEY! WHERE'S THE FIRE, MAC?
SAY NOW!! THERE'S A GREAT LINE! DID YOU THINK IT UP ALL BY YOURSELF?
SOMEONE OUGHT TO POKE THAT BIG CLOWN!
DON'T TRY IT, SWEETIE—UNLESS YOUR SAWBONES NEEDS THE BUSINESS!
IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS FINALLY GONNA HEAR OL' FOGGY HANDLE A DEFENCE...
I CAN'T LET THAT LEAPIN' LAME-BRAIN SPOIL MY PARTNER'S BIG CHANCE!
SO, I'LL JUST SWING OUT, AND --UH OH!
HIS SHOE FELL OFF!! HE'S INJURED!
THERE'S A CROWD DOWN BELOW! I CAN HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING
I MIGHT AS WELL SWING RIGHT BACK AND CHANGE TO--
WAIT A MINUTE!!
THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE THERE--SOMEONE FAR MORE DANGEROUS!
YOU'LL BE OKAY! I'LL CARRY YOU OUT OF HERE AND GET YOU PATCHED UP! THEN, WE'LL--WAIT!!
YOU!
SORRY, LEAP-FROG! THIS JUST ISN'T YOUR DAY!
I'VE A MORE URGENT MATTER TO ATTEND TO NOW!
SO, YOU'VE RETURNED AT LAST!
HAH! YOU MISSED!!
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON HOW EASILY I CAN CHANGE MY HEIGHT, THANKS TO MY MAGNIFICENT HYDRAULICALLY OPERATED STILTS?!!
MAYBE SO! BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT I'M THE GENT WHO WHUMPED YOU GOOD LAST TIME WE FOUGHT!
MAN! IT SURE IS LUCKY I WAS HERE!
IF STILT-MAN EVER MANAGED TO GET THE LEAP-FROG SAFELY AWAY, WHAT A TEAM THOSE TWO WOULD MAKE!

BUT I HEAR THE BOYS IN BLUE HAULING IN THAT HUMAN JUMPING JACK NOW!
WHICH MEANS STILTY AND I CAN GO IT ALONE!
HEADS UP, DAD! IT'S TIME FOR FUN'N' GAMES AGAIN!
HAH! DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO SEIZE YOUR CABLE, DID YOU?
I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU, LITTLE MAN—I'VE MODIFIED MY PROTECTIVE ARMOUR IN SUCH A WAY AS TO DOUBLE MY STRENGTH!
WHICH MEANS I'M MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOUR LIMITED TALENTS!
THOP!
AND, IN CASE YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME—!
UNHHH! I BELIEVE YOU! I BELIEVE YOU!
WHEW! WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT THESE LOVELY LITTLE LEDGES TO CLING TO?
I'VE GOT TO HANG LOOSE FOR A COUPLE OF SECS UNTIL I GET MY BREATH BACK!
BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT DADDY LONG LEGS OVER THERE ISN'T ABOUT TO WAIT!
AND IT SEEMS THAT OL' FEARLESS IS A MIGHTY GOOD FORTUNE-TELLER—
COME NOW, MASKED MAN! SURELY YOU DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT THE CROWD GATHERED BELOW?
THEY'VE COME TO EXPECT A BETTER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT FROM THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
IT DIDN'T FIGURE THAT THE SENSATIONAL STILT-MAN WOULD REAPPEAR WEAPONLESS, DID IT?
MOVE, YOU CRINGING, COSTUMED CLOWN!! MY NEXT SHOT WON'T MISS!

IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT BUGS ME, IT'S A FELLA WHO TALKS NASTY!
SO, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO TEACH YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO BOASTFUL BADDIES WHO ACT IMPOLITE TO US GOOD GUYS--!
IF IT'S ACTION YOU WANT, I'LL TRY TO SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET IT
AFTER ALL, YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS GOING FOR YOU NOW!
YOK!
FORGIVE ME FOR ACTING LIKE A ROUGHNECK, OLD BUDDY--
BUT SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SHAKE YOU LOOSE FROM THAT ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR OF YOURS!
SPOK!
YOU CAN'T DEFEAT ME THAT EASILY, DAREDEVIL! MY PROTECTIVE GARB IS MUCH TOO STRONG!
DEFEAT YOU?
HEAVENS TO HARRIET--WHO'D WANT TO DO THAT?
...I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES!
KOP!
NEXT ISH: WATCH DADDY-LONG-LEGS AND OL' HORN-HEAD BATTLE IT OUT! BE HERE—'COS IT'S ALL GREAT STUFF!

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH 132, Barry Blot was chasing Cyril Swot, and was going to hit him with a club. Later on when Cyril met Sir, Cyril started to chase Sir with the very same club. Where did he get it from?
Phillip Golee,
Reading, Berks.

We can think of two answers —(great, isn't it? Usually we're hard put to it to think of *one* !)—either Barry kindly lent his club to Cyril in a good cause (he would, you know), or there's a kind of armoury around the Swots' and Blots' school absolutely stacked with lethal weapons of all kinds. It doesn't seem a bit unlikely to us!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I like SMASH very much, and I like Daredevil the best (of course)! I also have FANTASTIC. My brother has made a game of Asgard, with counters that make different moves and have Asgardian names. One question, why not have a spot-the-boob feature in SMASH like they do in FANTASTIC?
Lawrence Rooke,
Brighton, Surrey.

You're joking! We have *enough* trouble with the boobs we never *meant* to make!
Alf and Cos.

JOKE LETTER
Dear Alf and Cos,
This is a bit sick, but I still think it's funny:
Q. What do you call a bird run over by a lawn mower?
A. A shredded tweet.
Karen Carson,
Edinburgh.

Dear Alf and Cos,
You've bungled it again! In looking back over SMASH 127 I saw that in Brian's Brain, Duffy Rolls, in the first picture, was holding the Brain's box, but in the second picture, when the soldiers were chasing them, neither of them were holding the box. But on the next page Brian had the Brain in the box again. How do explain that?
Lionel Cox,
Manchester.

How do we explain it? We don't! (See what we mean about spot-the boobs? With us, it would be a bit superfluous to go around *inventing* them!). All our boob-spotters are happily and busily employed as if is.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I first started to read SMASH three weeks ago. I found it was the funniest and most exciting comic I've read. All my friends said I should have something more advanced, but when they read it, they soon changed their tune!
Jacqueline Perry,
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

We should think so, too! We're not only advanced, we're the furthest-out, A.1., top-level, far-reaching leading light of the whole comics field! (We're modest too, but we don't let it bother us!).
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH 131 you had the Nervs eating semolina pud, while in ish 106 you said that Fatty hated semolina. Now the Nervs wouldn't be eating semonlina pud if Fatty didn't eat it, would they?
Thomas Burns,
Birmingham.

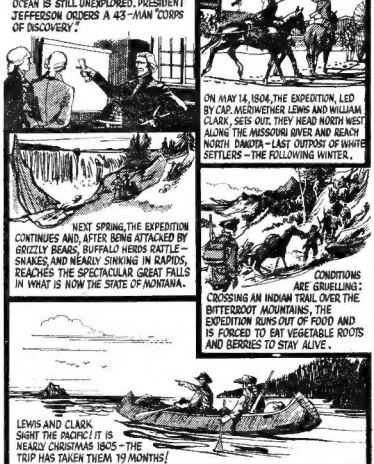
Our minds (such as they are) boggle! They really do! — at the thought of our readers sitting down and patiently leafing through nearly *thirty* back issues to track down a suspected boob! Boy, that's dedication for you! If anybody deserves a pound note, you do!
Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is
.....
My second favourite feature is
.....
Send the coupon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH and POW, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FAMOUS WAYFINDERS No3

LEWIS & CLARK



AND HERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF WAYFINDER...

It's the **Wayfinder Adventure Shoe** for boys. Wayfinders are the rugged new shoes made for boys with a sense of adventure. You set the pace, Wayfinders can take it. And they've got two big secrets: animal tracks on the soles. So you can track animals—even in rough country. And there's a secret compass in a special heel compartment.

Wayfinders Adventure Shoe come in black or tan. They're the *only* shoes approved by The Scout Association for Scouts and Cub Scouts, and have a 6 months' guarantee against sole repair. Prices from only 37/11d. In half sizes between 11-7½. Get a pair now—you'll find them at most leading shoe stores.

WAYFINDERS

WAYFINDERS, 151 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

THE CLOAK MEETS DEATHSHEAD

THE EVIL G.H.O.U.L. ORGANISATION HAS SENT ITS CHIEF EXECUTIONER, **DEATHSHEAD**, TO BUMP OFF THE CLOAK! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE CREEPY CRIMINAL IS ABOUT TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS IN FULL!

ERK! IT'S AN EERIE 'ERBERT WITH AN 'ORRIBLE AXE!

SWISH!!!

NOBODY ESCAPES DEATHSHEAD! HEH! HEH!

CLANG!

EASY FOR WHO?

WHY NOT STAND STILL AND MAKE IT EASY?

I'M DEATHSHEAD! MY MISSION IS TO DESTROY YOU! COUGH! SPLUTTER!

POOF!

YOU TALK TOO MUCH! THIS SMOKE BOMB SHOULD TICKLE YOUR TONSILS!

SPLUTTER! I'VE GOT MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SEND YOU TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND! I'LL CALL MY KILLER ROBOT!

HA! DO YOU THINK AN ANIMATED TIN CAN CAN BEAT ME?

THIS TIN CAN, CAN! COME ON, GHASTLY! CRUSH HIM TO PULP!

BZZZT!

OO 'ECK! I SPOKE TOO SOON! THAT AUTOMATED HORROR LOOKS DANGEROUS!

BZZT!

CLINK!

ZOOP!

WOW! IF THAT TIN-PLATED PUGILIST CONNECTS WITH HIS METAL MITT, MY HEAD WILL CLOSELY RESEMBLE A SQUASHED PRUNE!

NOW, GHASTLY! DON'T GET EXCITED! CAN'T WE JUST SHAKE HANDS AND BE FRIENDS?

BZZT!

HAAA! ALL HE WANTS TO SHAKE IS YOUR STUPID NECK!

BOOM!

UUUH! WHAT HAPPENED?

WE DECIDED TO FOLLOW YOU AND CAME UP JUST AS THIS GREAT HEAP OF SCRAP METAL ATTACKED YOU!

YEAH! IT WAS LUCKY FOR YOU THAT WE JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE A REGULATION MINI-BOMB ON US! YOU SHOULD NEVER BE WITHOUT ONE!

SORRY, LADS! I SEEM TO BE SLIPPING! THANKS FOR SAVING MY SKIN, ANYWAY!

BAH! YOU'VE DESTROYED MY ROBOT, BUT YOU'LL FIND I CAN'T BE STOPPED SO EASILY! I'LL BE THE DEATH OF YOU YET, CLOAK!
I'LL MAKE A HASTY EXIT ON MY HOVERBIKE! THOSE SPECIAL SQUAD STOOGES WON'T CATCH ME!
HA! THAT PUNY LITTLE POP GUN WON'T STOP ME, YOU BUG-EYED BOOB!
VOOOM!
TAK!
BLAM!
I'VE GOT TO SHOOT THE DIABOLICAL DEVIL DOWN BEFORE HE GETS OUT OF RANGE!
IT'S NO USE! THAT QUEER CONTRAPTION OF HIS IS COVERED WITH ARMOUR PLATING! MY BULLETS ARE JUST BOUNCING OFF!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THAT FIEND! HE'S DETERMINED TO PUT ME SIX FEET UNDER! I'LL BE PREPARED WITH A FEW WEAPONS FROM MY SECRET SANCTUM.
MEANWHILE, UP IN THE SKY...
NUH! THAT IDIOT BEAT ME— BUT IT'S ONLY THE FIRST ROUND! I SHALL RETURN WITH AN EVEN DEADLIER WEAPON THAT WILL SPELL DOOM FOR THE CLOAKED CLOT! NOBODY GETS THE BETTER OF DEATHSHEAD.
VOOM!
LATER...
WELL, I'VE FITTED MYSELF OUT WITH A FEW NEW GADGETS! I JUST HOPE THEY'RE ENOUGH TO THWART THAT VILE VILLAIN'S PUTRID PLANS THE NEXT TIME WE MEET!
WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON OUR TOES! THAT CREEP COULD START A NEW ATTACK AT ANY TIME!
WE'D BETTER GET OVER TO SPECIAL SQUAD H.Q. AND REPORT THESE GRUESOME GOINGS-ON!
UNKNOWN TO THE CLOAK AND HIS MATES, A SINISTER SHAPE SOARS THROUGH THE SKIES ABOVE THEM...
WHOOOSH!!
HEE! HEE! THE CLODS ARE DIRECTLY BELOW ME! I SHALL SILENTLY STRIKE AND SMASH THEM TO SMITHEREENS!
ERK! LOOK WHAT'S SWOOPING DOWN AT US!
IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE? A FLYING DUTCHMAN, MAYBE?
BOMBS AWAY! GOODBYE, BIG BOOBS!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT GUY HAD BATS IN HIS BELFRY, BUT I NEVER EXPECTED ANYTHING LIKE THIS!
NO! IT'S THAT ROTTEN OL' DEATHSHEAD ON A DIRTY GREAT MECHANICAL BAT!
BOOM!
IN THE WORDS OF THE POET: YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! BE HERE NEXT WEEK FOR FURTHER CATACLYSMIC CATASTROPHES!

SOMETHING UNFORESEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —
WIZARD PRANG
DEMON DRUID
IN
WIZ WAR!
— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE!
YUM! YUM! LOTS OF LOVELY GRUB!
OH, BOY!
GOBBLE, CHOMP, MUNCH!
ICE CREAM
EEK! — IT'S GONE!
GULP!
SWOOSH
GONE!
THAT WAS THE THIRD DINNER TO GO THIS WEEK! SUDDENLY — SWOOSH! — THEY VANISH!!!
— I WONDER! UMMM — I BET IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH D.D. — I THINK WE'LL LAY A TRAP!
WE'LL MAKE A "SPECIAL" CAKE. THIS IS THE RECIPE... 3 lbs OF MUSTARD, 6 lbs OF BEST PEPPER, A PINT OF VINEGAR — MUMBLE, MUMBLE —
SNIGGER! SNIGGER!
SO LATER...
KITCHEN
COOKED IT, WIZ! BOY! — IT'S LETHAL!
HEE! HEE! NOW WE'LL JUST SIT HERE AND WAIT!
THAT COTTON WOOL UP YOUR NOSE AND THIS PEG ON MINE KEEP US SAFE!
HO! HO! HO! THERE IT GOES!
YEAH! — BUT WHERE?
SWOOSH!
GONE!
AHA! I THOUGHT SO! OH DEAR — A PROBLEM IS ABOUT TO ARISE!
AAAH!
OH, NO — DON'T!
AAAAH!
CHOO!
EEK! MUVVER!
SPLUDGE!
HO! HO! HO! THEY'LL SNEEZE FOR WEEKS WITH THAT CAKE MIXTURE ON THEM! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SNEAK UP ON US UNAWARES NOW! HEE! HEE! HEE!
AAH-CHOO!
AAAH-CHOO!
AAH-CHOO!
AAH-CHOO!